

The Times Dispatch

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TUESDAY, JULY 15, 1913.

THE NEW BALKAN CRISIS.

It would be one of the most curious and remarkable turns of affairs in all history should the wheel of Turkish destiny be blocked, in its late rapid revolution towards extinction of the Ottoman power in Europe, by the war among the allies and roll back to the strengthening of that power and the re-establishment of Turkey's control of the territory that in the last year has been wrested from her. Three months ago this would have been regarded as impossible, now it may be considered not only possible, but probable. Then Turkey was on her knees; now the power in the league against her that did the most to bring her to that humiliating position has changed attitudes with her.

Bulgaria, owing to her greed and treachery and apparent purpose to rob the Turk of the distinction of the designation "unsubtainable," has been beaten to the suppliant posture, and it may well be is fated to dismemberment. At last accounts Roumania had invaded Bulgaria from the rear, thereby detaching herself from the triple alliance, and throwing her sword into the scale with Serbia and Greece, while a Turkish army, inspired by the hope of regaining Adrianople, was marching on the Bulgarian front.

The significance of these two movements—these simultaneous movements—will be all the clearer when it is recalled that Roumania offered in 1911 to make common cause with Turkey against Greece. The circumstance is indicative of the Roumanians not loving the Greeks more, but of their hating the Bulgarians more, and of Roumanian recognition of opportunity to expand at the expense of Bulgaria, through covert understanding with Constantinople. More than that, it points to Russian support of both Roumania and Turkey.

As we have previously noted in discussing the question of Roumania's intrusion into the Balkan debate, for years Russia has been intriguing to accomplish the transfer of the sympathy of Bucharest from Vienna to St. Petersburg. The ultimate object in view was to constitute Roumania a menace on the flank of Austria-Hungary, that would stimulate the discontent among the dual monarchy's preponderating Slav population, and enhance Russian opportunity to carry out Muscovite designs upon Southern Slav leadership. By bringing Roumania into the embrace of the triple entente, Russia, it can be easily understood, would open the road for achieving indirectly much in the way of checkmating Austria-Hungary, as respects Bulgaria, Serbia and Montenegro, she could not achieve directly without recourse to arms for which she was not ready, at Russia is behind and has indicated Roumania, and the logic, both of immediate past events and of the present situation, leads to that conclusion—one has played last against Austria-Hungary, and has played best.

As to Russian encouragement and support of Turkey, it is no secret that when the Bulgarian hosts were thundering at the Thracian defenses, Russia, fearing that they would break through and take Constantinople, gave Sofia "advice" amounting virtually to a mandate, that the assaults be called off, intimating at the same time that St. Petersburg would sustain Bulgaria, should the anti-bellum treaty regarding division of the territorial spoils among the allies, and which Serbia demanded as amended. Relative to that intimation, however, Russia found it convenient to change her mind when the Serbian demand was made public. Belgrade had made it an issue of war, and Russia was brought to the test of continuing to stand as protector of the Serbs or not.

These facts remembered, the test is obviously consequential. It follows that Russian interest in insuring the Turkish grip upon Constantinople until such time as she could possess it herself involves interest in fortifying that grip by restoration of Turkish prestige and enlargement of territorial zone. Austria-Hungary, as respects aiding Bulgaria, has been put more on the defensive than ever by reason of the Bulgarian atrocities, which give color to the Turkish charge that the Bulgarian revolutionary committee was responsible for the anti-war massacres, pillage, arson and rape in Macedonia and Albania, and Russia is left with a freer hand to aid Serbia, through Roumania as an agent, or openly if necessary.

A summary of the situation and trend of events is therefore possible partition of Bulgaria, a Serbo-Greek division of Macedonia, if not Albania also, the constitution of a Slav power on Austria-Hungary's southern and eastern border under Russian patronage, that will prove the doom of Austria-Hungary, and another long delay in driving the Turk completely out of Europe and into the region across the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, whence he came. Whether that consummation is possible without involving all Europe in war, none can foresee. Therein lies the most serious aspect of the new crisis and the grounds for the greatest dread.

THE SCANDAL AT BOY AIR HOME.

The scandal at Bon Air Home for Delinquent Girls is that we do not provide enough money to educate and reclaim these unfortunate women. All the rest of the rumor has turned out to be the criticism of ignorance on modern methods of moral reform. People who know nothing of the difficult problem of building character in girls of weak will and weak mentality have let a lot of sentimental prejudice set them to talking. We are very glad that the investigation has cleared the atmosphere and showed that this institution is making brave efforts to help wayward girls to better life.

Inspired by the peculiarly delicate practical necessities of the case, those in charge hired a negro to supervise the field work of the girls. Apparently he exercised his trust faithfully. He protected these weak beings from the insidious immorality of other men. Under the conditions we do not see that anything but strictness would have availed. Yet he himself had no direct powers of punishment, and for some months a white woman has helped in directing this outdoor work. The usefulness of this man seems to be ended here. The problem still remains of getting some one to take his place. The critics offer no solution of this difficulty.

It is not folly to say that these girls must not be degraded by outdoor work on the farm. They need it. They need fresh air, stronger bodies, and quieter nerves. The tiredness that comes from healthy physical toil is a sedative for restless animal spirits. Confine them indoors at lighter work, such as laundering, which has been suggested, and you restore conditions of vicious tension. There is more temptation. The girls are not helped. Modern reformatory ideas place hard manual toil in the sun and air as the first of remedies for animal immorality. The only change needed is constant medical examination to protect the inmates from strain.

This investigation has done good. It has called attention to the crying need for more reclamation work under better conditions. There should be segregation of the weak-minded, the degenerate, and the nondescript immoral. There should be a larger staff. There should be more money. We are glad emphasis has again been thrown on the need for segregation of all feeble-minded women to prevent preparation of more unfortunate. The legislature should extend this work at the coming session. The unfortunate should be protected, and the State should be protected. Meanwhile this harsh task should be handled with cool, stern, scientific wisdom. Ignorance, prejudice and sentiment can be put aside.

HOW CO-OPERATION WORKS.

No wonder the Progressive Farmer is enthusiastic in preaching co-operation to Southern farmers. The example of Svea, Minn., is enough to rouse admiration. A. O. Nelson, who directs this community self-organization, says that the idea of the benefits reaped when he talked to eager farmers last spring in Richmond at the Conference on Education. The concrete achievements are as follows: In Svea, they operate a community creamery, a telephone company, a grain elevator, a co-operative stock-shipping association, a store, insurance company, and are forming a bank. These are material advantages.

The same spirit working for spiritual progress has brought to pass a thoroughly equipped high school with an eight-months term, during which agriculture and domestic science are taught; a consolidated church with a resident pastor; a school library and a State teaching library; neighborhood social meetings three times a month under church influence. The people are willing to pay \$150 on the \$100 for school taxes.

As the Progressive Farmer puts it: "The Svea farmers are business men. While, at the same time, they are developing a high degree of culture and that satisfying social life without which mere money is valueless."

The Minnesota farmer works under harder conditions than does his Virginia brother. When we adopt his methods of combined and energetic intelligence and neighborliness, we will be wealthy, indeed.

A GROWING MEDICAL CENTRE.

Richmond people will be glad to know that to our large number of admirable hospitals another will formally be added today, marking another step in a process which is rapidly making Richmond a great medical centre.

A generation ago, our people viewed with silent dread the opening of a hospital in the residential section of the city. They had vague fears of disease—of midnight processions with shrouded bodies, of pain-inspired screams that frightened and chilled.

We have come to see during recent years that the city's hospitals are among its best assets. They bring to Richmond a vast number of people, other than patients, who live in our hotels, patronize our stores and mingle with us. These good people go away to sound the praises of the city and to return at first opportunity.

Then, too, good hospital facilities give us a national reputation. Such things have a way of traveling. Where there are skilled surgeons and distinguished diagnosticians, reports of unusual cases find a place in the current medical journals and in the reference works. And if such clinics are held in this city, the name of Richmond will be mentioned. Those who have read the wonderful work of two Western surgeons will recall that these men

have placed the town of Rochester, Minn., on the map.

Besides all this, when we make Richmond a great medical and hospital centre we add another stone to that foundation of diversified industry which is the greatest strength of the city. Some towns are unfortunate enough to depend upon a single great plant for their existence, and the loss of that plant means calamity. Happy the city which, like Richmond, gets its wealth from a host of factories and a wide range of industry!

Richmond wishes the new hospital and its officers all success.

HOT WEATHER STATISTICS.

We are afraid that the reports from Washington, detailing how our statesmen are fairly swimming in their own perspiration, will not arouse the sympathy of our readers. In fact, we suspect that the man in the streets, himself mopping his brow, will find a grim satisfaction in reflecting that the worthies under the Capitol dome are as hot as he.

There is, however, another and an encouraging side to the hot wave which has engulfed the Capitol. It will certainly expedite the public business and cut short the debate on the tariff. It cannot do otherwise, for not even the shadow La Follette can endure ten hours' debate with the thermometer soaring and the air in the Senate Chamber reeking with that of Perspiration.

The people, we believe, will accordingly welcome hot weather which reduces hot air, because the American public is about satisfied with the tariff situation and is perfectly willing to see that question put to the vote. Many are hoping that currency legislation may be forthcoming, but the average voter, we are afraid, will be glad to postpone this question if he can have assurance that the debate on the tariff will soon terminate.

However, as long as the hot weather continues and the debate goes on, we caution our friends to eschew the Congressional Record. It is not good reading for the young at this season. It is bad-tempered, nervous and excited when it is not altogether empty. Statesmen find it difficult to preserve their temper, and sometimes come perilously near exploding in dismal, sulphurous profanity. Of course, when there is baseball in Washington, the tone of the Record is sweetened, provided the Senators win; but at other times the eloquence of our statesmen is sadly heated.

Let the good work go on, and let the thermometer soar; it will bring legislation and peace!

LET'S GET DOWN TO FACTS.

For some months Virginia has been surfeited with pre-election generalities. Mr. Candidate in the counties, scurrying around for votes to elect him to the House of Delegates, has been promising many things to many men and has shown himself willing to champion dozens of reform measures. But in many instances he has taken good pains to deal in sweeping generalities.

Now, we do not wish to deny Mr. Candidate his privilege of making promises. We know him too well to believe that he could survive a campaign without them. Nor are we so optimistic as to believe that he will not persist in generalities. To deny him these would be to embarrass him beyond endurance.

But the time has come to get down to specific facts on a few issues, at least. The foremost of these is, naturally, the question of taxation, not only because this will be the most important question before the next General Assembly, but because it is the subject regarding which there has been the largest number of vague, general promises.

In particular, we believe the people want to learn the details of the proposed plans of "segregation," as the separation of the sources of revenue is popularly termed. Our readers will recall that a number of prominent men have advocated this as the solution of our problems, and have announced their purpose to work out a practical method of separation. Among them are State Auditor C. Lee Moore, Delegate Hugh A. White and the committee from the Richmond Chamber of Commerce.

Will these gentlemen give us the specific details of their proposed plans, and, above all else, the operation of their scheme of separation on all the counties and cities of the Commonwealth? We ask this latter information, for, as all men know, upon it really depends the success or failure of separation. It is an easy task to strike a general balance by separating the sources of revenue, and it is but a morning's work to say that if the State retain these items and the localities the others, they will split even. But it is another matter when these plans are tested in their operation on the revenue of the counties and cities. Let us see these details and we can judge whether or not any plan of separation will operate fairly.

We make bold to ask for this information now because we know, as do all our readers, that unless these matters are threshed out in advance of the session, two more years must elapse before business is afforded any relief. In the hurry-burry of a sixty-day session there is no time maturely to develop important economic principles.

Well, well, somebody will have to give another harmony party to reconcile the Mayor and the Administrative Board. That board just will not stay put.

That Missouri gentleman who lived to 102 by eating bacon and cornbread might have enjoyed a more moderate diet if he had added that priceless preservative of youth—Goodland buttermilk—to his menu.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Trouble Ahead.

A French seer says there is all sorts of trouble in store for you simple who get married this month. True enough. Some of the troubles in store for them are:

Mechanically neighbors.
Relatives who want to run their business.
Worthless vacuum cleaners.
Housecleaning.
The servant problem.
The wife's allowance.
Installments on the furniture.
The neighbor's cats.
Garden seeds that won't come up.
The rent.
The grocery and meat bills.
The gas meter.
And 15,000 other troubles.

The Diary of a Housewife.
My automobile was not hitting it off just right this morning, and I drove it into a near-by garage. It had acted that way before and a little simple tightening up of the parts had fixed it.

"I don't know what is the matter, but I think there is something wrong with one of my spark plugs," said I innocently to the gentleman in greasy pajamas, who seemed to be the presiding genius of the place.

"I should say there was," said he, after lifting the hood. "There is something the matter with all of them. I might add that your ignition is all to the back, your timer is off, you have one cracked cylinder, so that you have no compression, your cylinder valves all need grinding, as they are covered with carbon, your lubricating system is wrong, for the springs are all worn out, and your gas and air regulator will have to be replaced. Your differential is not adjusted right, your steering post is wobbly, your horn needs a new vibrator, the body needs a new finish, your top leaks, and your oil drip is full of waste."

"Is that all?" I asked feebly.
"I should say not," he replied. "Your fan is clogged, all of your grease cups are empty, your radiator is cracked across the bottom, your foot brake doesn't apply properly. That is all that I see wrong at first glance, but after I get to digging into it I will probably find other ailments. Just back your car into that stall and leave it there."

I was under his hypnotic spell. I somehow seemed to believe that if I tried to run that car another hundred yards I would be blown into eternity. An hour before I had been driving what I thought was a perfect piece of machinery.

"How much will it cost?" I asked apprehensively.
"It will cost \$305.75," he replied, "and you can have the car three weeks from to-day at 2 o'clock."

I was fascinated by the expert's grasp upon the situation. I wanted to drive out of that garage forty miles an hour, but I couldn't do it. I backed the car into the stall and am satisfied that he placed her in the whole thing in fifteen minutes with a monkey wrench and a piece of sandpaper.

The thing to do is to drive into the garage, tell the man what is the matter and what you want done. Don't ask him what is the matter and what ought to be done, for an expert can find \$300 worth of fault with the best car that runs on four wheels.

Signs of the Times.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst will probably never become the author of a cook book.

Now the garage millionaire takes his place beside the oil millionaire and the steel millionaire. It is a wonder to us that the Oil-Quick Wallingford has never thought of the garage business.

The Chinese are very polite. A Chinese assassin who killed the wrong man by mistake has apologized to the police.

Dr. Munyon is seeking a divorce. Evidently his "old slogan," "There is life in every man," has come out of commission. The silk stock he has failed against. A New York woman has lost \$449 which she carried in her stocking. Paris has a hotel without servants, who he placed her in the only way to solve the tipping problem.

Advices from the East are to the effect that safe-blowing is altogether too safe.

Eggs are 2 cents a dozen in China, but who wants to eat China eggs?

Voice of the People

Light Wanted on Lee Letter.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir, If any one can secure an article published by the Rev. William Jones, D. D., taking the ground that the letter recently appearing in this paper purporting to have been written from General Robert E. Lee to his son, General Custis Lee, is a forgery, it will be greatly appreciated by many readers.

CONDEMN ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—Can any one explain why it is that the opponents of so-called "eugenic marriages" who have hysterically rushed into print on this subject, con-

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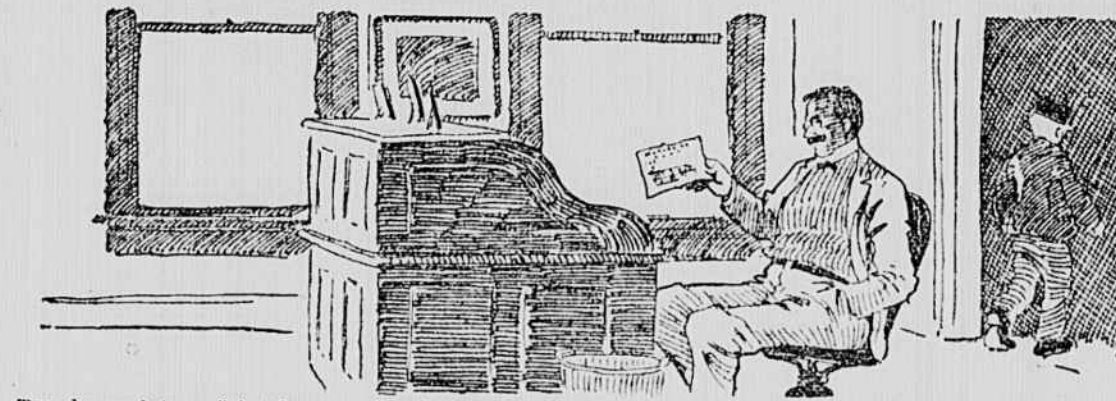
WHEN SHE GOES AWAY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.)



"Good-by, dear. Take good care of yourself. No, I haven't forgotten a single thing. I'm off for a good, quiet rest and I've taken all the old rags I have."



Two hours later—"A telegram already! 'Please send key to trunk; left on bureau. Miss you. Katherine.'"



Next morning—"What! A special delivery. 'Dear husband: Arrived safely. Perfectly lovely here. Lots of my friends are here. Please pack steamer trunk with dresses. Maggie will pick them out for you. Yours in haste, Katherine. P. S.—Miss you dreadfully.'"



Next day—"Great Scott! Another special delivery. 'Dear husband: Mrs. Highflyer arrived today with six trunks. Please pack my saratoga and send at once. Lovingly, Kate.'"

sistently hide behind some such meaningless non de plume as "Layman."

Is there anything more worthless than an anonymous communication? The writer may be a person, whose opinion would carry some weight if we knew who they were, or they might not be.

It is very easy to ask for information which is not going to be published in a public journal, and what you want done. Don't ask him what is the matter and what ought to be done, for an expert can find \$300 worth of fault with the best car that runs on four wheels.

Forest Hill.

"Hebe and Her Gourd."

(Inspired by W. M. R. and the Editor of The Times-Dispatch.)

When Whittier was writing
His clever, charming lay
Of a Massachusetts maiden
Engaged in making hay
Had he placed her in Virginia
And given her a gourd
With which to serve his judgeship,
Why? You can take my word
He never would have left her
Until the close of day.
Or Maude had given promise
Worth all the laws delay.

Thou Jupiter, the mighty,
On Hybla's lonely fed,
From a golden goblet
Drank nectar, it is said;
Yet Jupiter, the mighty,
The great did never know
T. M. R. could give mortals
Here in this vale below.

Who have been drinking nectar
Lord, and goddesses, I think
That bubbles like a poem
From heart of Mother Earth.
Said, "You can take my word
He never would have left her
Until the close of day.
Or Maude had given promise
Worth all the laws delay."

Goblets, cups and dippers
And tumbler, adze-like
Such prosy things won't mingle
And will not intermix
With poetry and music,
Nor anything that's fine,
Like gourd and "water-millions"
"Jest spall 'on de vine."

Oh! what man in the city
Ever since creation's birth
He felt on old plantation
When he was but a boy.
When old black mammy, boiling
The washing at the spring,
Would plunge her gourd capacious
And to his lips would bring
A drink surpassing any
At banquet of a king.

That gourd of hers "capacious"
You may be very sure
Would hold a half a gallon
And sometimes even more.
Those sweet old gourds, believe me,
Exactly filled the bill.
Their memories haunt me still.
Even now I see one hanging
Suspended from a nail,
Or clinging to the bucket.
The pitcher, or the pail,
And saying in gourd language
"As plain as it could be,
"Come, all ye thirsty mortals,
And take a drink with me."

Our pretty, modern Hebe,
Sweet lips and "cherry-cheek'd"
And "sapphire-eyed," I'll warrant
Had Jove far more plumped
Than even goddess Venus.
And all of her discord
Had come not from an apple,
But from a country gourd.
In the hands of modern Hebe,
For she would realize
The girls of old Virginia
Best beauties of the skies
All hail to thee, sweet Hebe!
With long-necked country gourd,
Thy charms are more prevailing
Than either pen or sword
In bringing back the joy
Of sweet old days of yore.
When this old world was happy
As it will be no more.
When women, men and children
Lived near to Nature's heart,
Responsive to the wisdom
And beauty of her art.

Cascade. DUVAL PORTER.

"A Mistake Somewhere."

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In your paper of July 1 you

give an account of the gathering at Gettysburg and of Pickett's men who were there. There is a pretty story of one of Pickett's men, J. T. Threaves, meeting an old friend who was with him at West Point in 1860, David Hook or Hook, of New Ringgold, Pa. I have before me the official register of the cadets at West Point in 1859, 1860 and 1861, and I cannot find in them either of these names. There is a mistake somewhere, perhaps with the newspaper reporter in misquoting the names. My brother, Thomas Rowland, was at West Point in the fifth class, 1860, resigning to enter the Confederate service on the accession of Virginia. I should be glad to correspond with any of the cadets who were with him there.

KATE MASON ROWLAND.

Herndon.

Prayer.

Lord, in the eastern sky the day appears.

As at Thy throne I humbly kneel to Thee,

I know not what of hopes or bitter tears.

It brings within its outstretched hands

I can but ask Thee for the grace to hear

Whatever has been destined for my share.

Of Thy great strength some portion,

To me, ere I shall rise to meet the day.

So I may fight and with courageous heart

The foes that meet me out upon the way.

Did me not faint, though be the battle long.

But in Thy strength, O Father, make me strong.

And, Lord, forbid that in my selfish thought

Should fall to see the tears of one in pain.

Or with an idle jest cause some weak heart

To turn into the path of sin again.